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Memorial to N.C. Women of the
Confederacy

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NORTH CAROLINA HISTORICAL COMMISSION
BULLETIN No. 16

ADDRESSES

AT THE

UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL

TO THE

North Carolina Women of the Confederacy

PRESENTED TO THE STATE BY THE LATE

ASHLEY HORNE



Augustus Lukeman, Sculptor.

MONUMENT TO THE NORTH CAROLINA WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Henry Bacon, Architect.

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ASHLEY HORNE

Compiled by
R. D. W. CONNOR

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The North Carolina Historical Commission

J. BRYAN GRIMES, *Chairman*, Raleigh.

W. J. PEELE, Raleigh.

D. H. HILL, Raleigh.

THOMAS M. PITTMAN, Henderson.

M. C. S. NOBLE, Chapel Hill.

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Monument Commission

JAMES A. LONG, *Chairman.*

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HENRY A. LONDON.

J. BRYAN GRIMES.

W. H. S. BURGWYN.*

MRS. F. M. WILLIAMS.

THOMAS W. MASON.

* Deceased.

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Introductory Note

From time to time since the erection of the monument to the North Carolina soldiers of the Confederacy, in 1895, various plans have been suggested looking to the erection of a similar memorial to the North Carolina Women of the Confederacy. In 1911 Gen. Julian S. Carr, a representative from Durham County, introduced in the House of Representatives a bill providing for the appropriation of a sum sufficient for the erection of such a memorial. The bill, however, failed to be enacted into law. The fate of this bill was a keen disappointment to the thousands of Confederate soldiers of North Carolina who, better than any others, appreciated the services, the sacrifices, and the heroism of the women of the Confederacy. To none was the disappointment keener than to the late Ashley Horne, then a representative in the General Assembly from Johnston County.

Ashley Horne was one of six sons whom his mother gave to the Confederacy, three of whom did not return. He himself was a mere boy of twenty when he volunteered in 1861. He saw four years of arduous service in Eastern North Carolina and under Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was first assigned to Company C, 50th North Carolina Regiment, but was afterwards transferred to the Fifty-third Regiment, of which his older brother, Sam, was lieutenant, in the Daniel-Grimes Brigade, Rode's Division. After Appomattox, as orderly sergeant, he was sent to bear to General Johnston at Greensboro and General Sherman, near Durham's Station, the official news of Lee's surrender.

At the close of his four years of service he returned to his home in Johnston County, where, by hard labor, self sacrifices, and sterling integrity, he accumulated a handsome fortune. His own mother was a typical "North Carolina woman of the Confederacy," and it was through her that he learned to appreciate the heroic qualities of those whom he called "our greatest soldiers from '61 to '65."

Bitterly disappointed at the refusal of the General Assembly to erect a suitable memorial to the Women of the Confederacy, he determined to do so himself. His intimate friends with whom he discussed his plan approving it, he made the formal offer in the following letter to Secretary of State J. Bryan Grimes:

CLAYTON, N. C., December 12, 1911.

HON. J. BRYAN GRIMES, *Secretary of State*.

Raleigh, North Carolina.

MY DEAR COLONEL:—I have been thinking for a long time that the State would never build a Woman's Confederate Monument, and I being a soldier

of Lee's Army for four years, and seeing the work that the women of my State did in carrying food and clothing, and being in every battle that was fought around Richmond, and knowing that they were as great or greater soldiers than the men, I have decided to build this monument myself. The time has come in my life when I think no citizen of the State could think that I have any ulterior motive in so doing.

Therefore, before moving in the matter I desire that you see the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, open this question to them and ascertain if they will agree to let this monument be erected on the ground which I have selected with your assistance.

If they will do so I will be pleased for you to see what you can do in the way of designs from some studio in America and make such selections as you think would be attractive to the eye and to the women of our country, to cost about ten thousand dollars, and submit your selection to me at your convenience.

I trust that I am not troubling you too much in this undertaking, but I know that you are fond of the old soldiers, both living and dead, and are only too glad to be of whatever service you are able to give. Besides you will remember that I bent my gun around a black-jack tree at Appomattox Court House under Grimes' command.

With esteem, I am,

Yours truly,

ASHLEY HORNE.

The Council of State promptly accepted the offer and dedicated a site in the capitol square for the monument. Mr. Horne selected the following committee to whom he entrusted entirely the execution of his plans: Messrs. James A. Long, J. Bryan Grimes, W. H. S. Burgwyn, Henry A. London, R. D. W. Connor, and Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams. Upon the death of Colonel Burgwyn, before the completion of the monument, Mr. Horne selected Capt. Thomas W. Mason to fill the vacancy. The committee selected Colonel Long as Chairman, and Mr. Connor as Secretary, and on July 24, 1912, selected Mr. Augustus Lukeman of New York, as the sculptor to execute the design. The monument was erected and unveiled in the city of Raleigh, June 10, 1914, in the presence of the North Carolina Division, United Confederate Veterans, and of an immense assemblage. It was presented to the State by the Chairman of the Commission, Hon. James A. Long, and accepted by the Governor of North Carolina.

Immediately after the unveiling of the monument the United Daughters of the Confederacy, North Carolina Division, presented to the State a portrait of Mr. Horne, painted by their President, Mrs. Marshall Williams. The portrait has been hung in the Hall of History.

The death of Mr. Horne before the completion of the monument erected by his generosity saddened an occasion which was in all respects one of the most notable in the history of North Carolina.



ASHLEY HORNE.

Order of Exercises

JAMES A. LONG, Presiding.

(In City Auditorium)

Invocation.....REV. E. A. OSBORNE (Late Col. 4th N. C. Reg., C. S. A.)
Music.....THIRD REGIMENT BAND
Address.....DANIEL HARVEY HILL
Music.....THIRD REGIMENT BAND
Poem.....HENRY JEROME STOCKARD
Procession from Auditorium to Capitol Square.

Order of March	{	Chief Marshal
		Band
		Carriages
		Confederate Veterans
		Daughters of the Confederacy
		Citizens

EXERCISES AT THE MONUMENT.

Presentation of the Memorial to the State,.....CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMISSION
Acceptance on Behalf of the State.....THE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA
Unveiling of the Memorial.....ASHLEY HORNE (Grandson of the Donor)
Music.....THIRD REGIMENT BAND
Benediction..REV. R. H. MARSH, D.D. (Late Chaplain 26th N. C. Reg., C. S. A.)

Invocation

REV. E. A. OSBORNE.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name, thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of all those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; we give Thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all the servants, who having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors. We also thank Thee for that noble generation of men and women who, when their country was in the throes of a long and bloody conflict, endured with such unfaltering courage the sufferings and privations of a desolating war, the survivors of whom have since the war so bravely and faithfully labored amidst all their sorrows and losses to save their country from poverty and ruin, to restore and preserve the blessings of peace.

And especially do we now desire to thank Thee, O Lord, that thou didst endue the hearts and souls of the women of our land with such wonderful courage, fortitude and zeal to bear the hardships, sufferings and afflictions of the dreadful period of bloody and deadly conflict, enabling them to comfort and encourage their loved ones, while they offered and sacrificed their lives upon their country's altar. May this monument now being dedicated to their memory stand for all ages as a faithful and enduring witness of their loyalty and devotion to their country's cause, and of their love and sympathy for those who suffered for their homes. The Lord, grant rest and peace to the souls of all their number who have fallen asleep in Him, and so to fit and prepare those who still survive that they may share with them that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

Finally, we thank Thee for the blessings of peace; and we pray that the sounds of war may be forever hushed throughout the world; and that the time may soon come when all men everywhere shall seek after Thee and find Thee; when all nations shall be brought into Thy fold and the heathen added to Thine inheritance. And we pray Thee shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect and to hasten Thy kingdom. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Women of the Confederacy

DANIEL HARVEY HILL.

A German economist begins a book with the declaration that every war is either a struggle for the feeding ground or a struggle for a share of the fodder. As in many other cases, this brutal generalization fails to consider opposite instances: for many wars are of course undertaken with no rapacious thought, with the deepest reluctance, and with a full knowledge that self-interest is being ignored.

It was with these latter feelings that North Carolina entered the war of 1861. Her people did not want war. They were devoted to the Union, cemented by the blood, and thought, and suffering of thirteen States. So late as the 25th of February, 1861,—only about four months before her sons on this very day of the month fought at Bethel the opening land battle of the Civil War—her voters by a State election declined to call a convention even to consider withdrawal from the Union, and this too after seven of her sister Southern States had passed ordinances of secession. They believed firmly that a State was sovereign, and had a right to withdraw from the compact of States, but until it appeared that the land of the South was to be trodden by hostile feet and that they themselves must bear arms either for or against their neighboring States, they did not wish to exercise this right. From February to May they were torn with mental conflict. Men who had held federal offices, and shared in the upbuilding of the Union, soldiers who had fought under the old flag in Mexico and in Indian campaigns, unobtrusive citizens who thought more than they spoke—all frequently paced away the hours of the night in agony of soul to decide where the path of duty lay. Women who felt that their decisions would help to mould those of husbands and sons gave “no sleep to their eyes nor slumber to their eyelids” as they sought for a wise decision.

However as events proceeded the conviction at last sank into every mind that North Carolinians could not remain in the Union without giving up three principles imbedded in the granite of their Saxon natures: namely, a State's right to sovereignty, a home which neither man nor army was permitted to invade without fight, and a standing by one's nearest neighbors in an hour of trial. President Lincoln's call for troops to march into the South to coerce the seceding States precipitated the decision. Twenty-five years after the choice was made Senator Z. B. Vance, in a speech before a New England audience, explained how the transition from a desire to remain in the Union to a

determination to secede was made almost in the batting of an eyelid. The news of Mr. Lincoln's call for volunteers reached North Carolina while Vance was speaking to an immense audience. As he pleaded with his hearers to remain in the Union, he raised his hand in a gesture of appeal. Just as his hand was raised, the telegram containing the fatal announcement was shouted from the speaker's stand. Senator Vance says: "When my hand came down from that impassioned gesticulation it fell slowly and sadly by the side of a secessionist. I immediately with altered voice and manner called on the assembled multitude to volunteer, not to fight against but for South Carolina. If war must come, I preferred to be with my own people. If we had to shed blood I preferred to shed Northern rather than Southern blood."

As it was with Senator Vance so it was with the entire State. The decision made, the people threw themselves into the unequal struggle with the grim persistency that has marked every crisis in their lives. As in Mecklenburg in 1775, as at Moore's Creek, at Halifax, at King's Mountain, at Valley Forge, at Stony Point, they stopped not to count the cost. The separation from the Union wrung the fibers of their hearts, but they felt compelled to set their principles above their emotions and their convictions above their interests.

To this point in the struggle, the men and women of North Carolina had acted together. Henceforth their lines of endeavor, although one in aim, separated of course in form of service. We are met, not to commemorate the part the men took when the fires of death were lighted; not to speak of the ensanguined fields where mortals dared immortality, but to tell the story, imperfectly to be sure, of Southern homes when they were stripped of greybeards and fledgelings alike,—fatherless and sonless homes where consuming anxiety could find no palliation in the compelling concentration of battle and where the noblest heroism could display itself only in suffering, in ministration, and in the efficient discharge of trying duties.

The monument to be unveiled within the hour is in memory of those whom to eulogize would be almost sacrilege. Their noblest eulogy is a simple portrayal of their character and their work. The modest donor of this beautiful memorial, a man who did a man's part in the four years of war, who came home with no fortune but his youth and his visions, who with prudence, diligence, and rare business sagacity built up an estate of which any man may be proud, but who in doing so, built up a finer estate in manhood, in charity, in helpful love of neighbors and of country, and in Christian citizenship,—the donor, it seems must have felt the needlessness of words for those of his generation when he said, "The silent woman of the memorial will typify the uncomplaining women of the South."

Words today are for a post-bellum generation which knows not the gracious women of the past, for only a few of these women remain to gladden our lives and prove a benediction in our homes. In compliance with the request of the Committee of Arrangements my theme today is an attempt to portray as well as our imperfect records permit, somewhat of the spirit, the character, and the deeds of the North Carolina women of the Confederacy.

First, as our records everywhere show, she was a woman of metal. The blood of cool-nerved, iron-willed pioneer ancestors whose axes felled timber for the earliest American homes at Roanoke, whose cabins defied natural enemies and Indian savages in the wilds of the Watauga settlements, whose feet trod a road through forest primeval to Kentucky, still coursed in her veins. A self-reliant courage inherited from grandmothers who frequently fired rifles alongside their husbands on the shores of Albemarle Sound and on the banks of the Yadkin River still warmed her heart. The increasing comforts of her age and the refining touch of education had invested her with a finer capacity for suffering, but had not crowded out of her nature an open-aired woman's resoluteness of soul. Hence, when war came, and came in her case with unusual horrors, she met it, not with mere passive fortitude, but with aggressive spirit. To the husband promptly volunteering she meted out encouragement and help; to the husband who faltered, she said, "I know how to live as the widow of a brave man, but I do not know how to live as the wife of a coward." To her sons, she spoke as did Mrs. Reuben Jones of Robeson County, when her brood of eleven sons volunteered within a week, "I cannot hold you when your country calls you," or as Mrs. McLean of Gaston County, when her only son looked into her face for counsel, "God knows I need you but your State now needs you worse than I do," or as Aunt Abby House of Raleigh did to her eight nephews. Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke quotes this fearless woman as saying: "I can tell you that not a man of my family would I let stay at home in peace if he was able to tote a musket. I said to them, boys, all 'er you go along to the field whar you belongs, and if any of you gits sick or is wounded, you may depend on your old Aunt Abby to nuss and to tend you. For so help me God if one of you gits down and I can't git to you no other way, I'll foot it to your bedsides; and if any one of you dies or gits killed, I promise to bring you home and bury you with your kin." For the man who failed to respond or who sought to evade his duty, the scorn of these women knew no bounds. Corporal Tanner, once commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, had seen in his foes such evidences of this spirit that he said in his Atlanta speech to Confederate veterans:

"Every mother's son of you knew that if you did not keep exact step to the music of Dixie and the Bonny Blue Flag, if you did not tread the very front lines of battle when the contest was on, knew, in short, that if you returned home in aught but soldierly honor that the very fires of hell would not scorch and consume your unshriven souls as you would be scorched and consumed by the scorn and contempt of your womanhood."

In one of our North Carolina communities the young ladies for some time hinted to a robust young laggard that he should enlist. Finally, when their patience was overtried, they sent him a note saying that if he did not at once join a company they would plait their garters into a whip and scourge him from the community. Nor did this spirit sink as disaster thickened. Even so late as '65, General Atkins of General Sherman's advancing army, said to a Carolina lady who was remonstrating against the conduct of his men, "You women of the South keep up this war. We are fighting you. What right have you to expect anything from us?" General Sherman knew their spirit when he said to the women of Savannah, "The men would have given up long ago but for you. I believe you would keep up this war thirty years." General Polk cites an instance of this persistent spirit in a Tennessee woman whose five sons were in the army. Only a fair-haired Benjamin, Edward, remained to minister to her needs. One morning tidings came that her oldest son had been killed. "God's will be done," she exclaimed. "Eddie will be fourteen next spring. He can take Billy's place." Again we meet it in the wife of a distinguished Governor of this State. In answer to a minister's inquiry whether she were not terribly anxious about the safety of her five sons in the service, she said, "No, I would not have it otherwise. My only prayer is that if any of them are to be taken it may be those who are ready to go."

Towards the close of the war, as the lines of communication in the Confederacy were more and more broken the ability of the public and of friends to feed the needy became less and less and as food grew scarce in various sections many of the poorer soldiers were driven to despair by a knowledge that their loved ones were starving at home. When furloughs were refused, some of these men, even splendid soldiers, went home without furloughs. Technically they were deserters, but really they were fathers gone wild. In such cases, the wives and mothers drove them back with entreaties and tears. General Cullen Battle relates this incident. He was detailed to preside over a court-martial. Among the cases was one against Edward Cooper, charged with desertion. The soldier, an artilleryman, pleaded not

guilty, but had no counsel and offered no extenuating evidence. Moved by the man's apparent indifference to a dishonorable death, General Battle at last said, "My man, is it possible that a soldier with your record deserted without cause?" "For the first time," says General Battle, "his form shook and his blue eyes filled with tears. Approaching the president of the court, he presented a letter, and said, 'There, sir, is what did it.' I opened the letter and in a moment my eyes too swam with tears." The letter was as follows:

MY DEAR EDWARD—I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate Army I have been prouder than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world, but before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die. Last night I was aroused by little Eddie's crying. I called, "What's the matter, Eddie?" and he said, "Oh, Mamma, I'm so hungry." And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she is growing thinner and thinner, and, Edward, unless you come home we must die.

Your

MARY.

General Battle asked the prisoner, "What did you do when you received this letter?" He answered, "I made application for a furlough, and it was rejected. Again I applied and again it was rejected. That night as I thought of my home with the mild eyes of Lucy looking up to me and the words of Mary sinking into my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired on me." He then added, "When my wife found I had no furlough, she said, with a catch in every word, 'Oh, Edward, Edward, go back! Go back! Let me and my children go down to the grave but save the honor of our name.'" "Now," continued he, "I am here, gentlemen, not brought back by military power but in obedience to the command of Mary to abide the sentence of your court."

In the second place the woman of the Confederacy was a capable woman. In some quarters there has been a belief that the ante-bellum women of the South lived, as Joel Chandler Harris puts it, "In a state of idleness, languishing in hammocks while bebies of pickanninies cooled the tropical air about her with long-handled fans made of peacock tails." The truth is that no women worked harder or bore more constant and arduous responsibilities than did the mistress of a well-regulated slave plantation. Thousands of them, on hearing that the slaves were freed, echoed the exclamation of the Georgia woman, "Thank God, I shall have to work for them no more." The keys suspended from the mistress' girdle were no idle symbol of authority. In addition to the cares of her own family, cares from which many of her descendants shrink or absolutely refuse, she carried always in her thought and on her conscience the childlike dependents in her

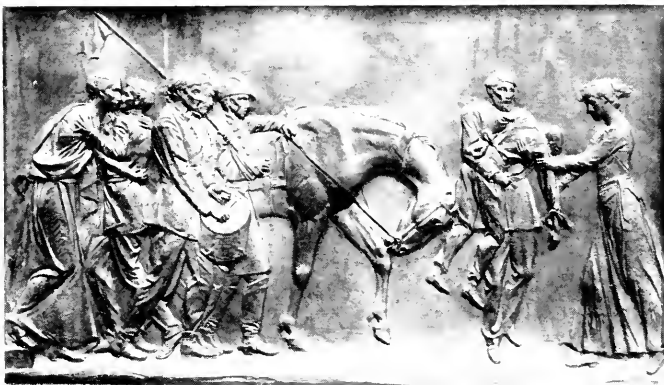
slave quarters. Recall, you ladies who sink into nervous prostration over the burden of a solitary husband, the daily round of these women. There were the issuance of rations, the superintendence of their cooking, the prevention of waste. There were the assignment of morning and evening tasks, and vigilance to see that these tasks were performed. There was attention necessary to be assured that cotton and wool were carded, spun, woven, dyed for clothing the entire plantation. There was oversight of the rooms where this cloth was cut, fitted, and fashioned into garments. There were shoes to be made or mended. There were daily inspections of the quarters to see that they were neat and sanitary. There were daily visits to the sick and a constant ministration to the aged. There was systematic instruction of her slaves in manners and morals—in short, as some one truly phrased it, the mistress was the greatest slave on the plantation which moved at her command. On farms where there were fewer slaves the burden was less but the care unceasing.

At the advent of war, these efficient women had to enlarge their burdens to assume those dropped by absent fathers and husbands. With rare competence, they assumed the control of farms, stock, and slaves. Aided by trusted negro foremen they planned the crops and guided their planting, cultivation and harvesting. They bought the yearly supplies and sold such products as could be spared. They financed the homes and industries of the State. In families where there were no slaves, the women often tilled fields and reaped harvests. In many of these homes want was felt acutely before the war was over and the women and children had to be helped by neighbors and by the public. In the last year of the war, many negroes joined the Federals in the eastern part of the State. Then women of wealth were forced to join their poorer friends in manual toil. One society belle writes, "I had eleven ladies working in the field with me today. I have myself recently hoed 2,500 hills of corn." The fact that during the four years of war "seed time and harvest never failed" attests the capacity of these women. Not only did they feed the State, but General Joseph E. Johnston is authority for the statement that for some months prior to the surrender General Lee's army had been fed almost entirely from North Carolina, and that at the time of his own surrender he had collected provisions enough from the same State to last for some months. This continuation of farm work would have been impossible but for the faithfulness of the slaves.

Our people ought never to forget the fidelity of the negroes during those defenceless days. With the doors of freedom open for them, with opportunities for lawlessness during the absence of their owners,



BAS RELIEF ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE PEDESTAL.



BAS RELIEF ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE PEDESTAL.

with a growing knowledge that the success of the Confederate army would mean a continuance of their slavery at least for a time, the negroes for the most part refused to sever the ties that bound them to their white families and continued their daily duties. In attendance on their masters in the field, in moving them from the field when they were wounded, in bringing home the bodies of their slain, in secreting and caring for family treasures, in watching over family interests, and in other ways, hundreds of negroes displayed a noble fidelity that should always be remembered. How surely these facts will always establish the kindly relations that existed between the white families and the colored families on the plantation home!

As the number of soldiers to be maintained increased, the women assumed additional responsibilities. The newspapers mention how they organized Sewing Societies, Knitting Associations, Hospital Aid Societies, Nursing Clubs. What Mrs. Avery says of Virginia was also true of North Carolina, "In some places churches were changed into depots for bolts of cloth, linen, and flannel. Sewing machines ran constantly. Nothing could be heard in them for days but the click of machines, the ceaseless murmur of voices questioning and voices directing work." At railroad junctions, such as Raleigh, Greensboro, Charlotte, Salisbury, Weldon, Goldsboro, and other towns, wayside hospitals equipped with surgeons, medical supplies, and rude operating tables were established. Committees of women went from house to house distributing cloth to be sewed and yarns to be woven and then recollected and shipped their offerings. Representatives of various organizations met trains at stations and added of their own household supplies to the meager rations of passing soldiers. Nurses passed from field hospitals to field hospitals as the tide of battle moved. After an arduous day women often collected or sat solitary in their homes to sew or knit far into the night, their labor sweetened by the thought that the work of their tired hands would add comfort to those who were dying for the land they loved. General Lee writes that in the stillness of the night he could almost hear the needles at home click as they flew through the meshes, and General Gordon adds that every click was a prayer and many a stitch dimmed with tears.

To get an adequate measure of the burdens imposed on these capable women, let us recall a striking fact in our history. The census of 1860 shows that in North Carolina there were between the ages of 20 and 60—the limits of military service—128,889 men. Subtract from this total number the 125 thousand men furnished to the Confederacy by our State and the subtraction reveals that there were in the borders of the State only 3,889 men who first and last were not in some form

of military service. Hence the women of the State and the 3,889 men had to do as best they could the work that would have fallen on the shoulders of the absent 125,000 men. These bare facts reveal the wonderful competency of these women.

In the third place the woman of the Confederacy was an inventive woman. This inventive genius was to have a far-reaching influence on the subsequent industrial life of our State. As I see it, almost every smoke-stack that towers over its adjacent factory is a monument to industrial power developed by the Civil War. Almost every hammer that rings in our workshops proclaims how our necessities diversified our industries. Let us see how such propositions can be established.

At the opening of the war our people were a single industry people. Outside of a small number of men engaged in the so-called learned professions, farming was almost the sole gainful occupation. We grew cotton, but New and Old England spun, wove, dyed and profited by it. We cultivated tobacco for others to manufacture. Trees crowded our fields, but we bought our furniture. In short, as an alliterative fancier sums up "for manufactured articles from linch pins to locomotives, from boats to buttons, from flannels to fans, from pens to plows," we were dependent on outside markets. The census of 1860 discloses the fact that there were at that time only 3,689 small manufacturing establishments of any sort in North Carolina and that most of these employed few laborers. Out of a total population of 992,622 only 14,217 men were engaged in any form of manufacturing. In the following most important industries the number of workers was as follows: wrought iron, 125 men; cast iron, 59; making clothes for sale, 12; manufacturing boots and shoes, 176; tanning, 93; compounding medicines, 1. There were only seven small woolen mills. There were four recorded makers of firearms and these four shops were so recklessly extravagant as to employ eleven men and consume \$1,000 worth of raw material each year. We were without lead, iron, coal or salt. This was our deplorable industrial situation when we were suddenly cut off from outside markets and became dependent on our own resources.

The imperative need of remedying this disastrous situation set our men and our women to manufacturing. Before the protracted struggle ended we had learned two ways of supplying our most urgent needs; first, by a dashing, persistent, and reckless running of the blockade from our seaport towns; second, by an almost marvelous development of small industries. From the State arsenal at Fayetteville we began to turn out each month what Major M. P. Taylor reports as 500 excellent rifles. At the Falls of the Neuse and at other places a

serviceable gunpowder was made. At several places salt works were established. Military supplies of various kinds were wrought out in rude factories. Woolen and cotton mills were set up. Tanneries were multiplied. Clothing and shoe factories were operated—in brief, a capable people found themselves in sore straits. Promptly they aroused themselves and met the emergencies thrust upon them, met them, not adequately to be sure, for the time was too short and men too scarce, but met them in such a way as to evoke the admiration of all thinking people. The articles produced were of course not finished mechanical products, but they answered pressing needs. We learned the lesson out of the travail of our souls, but we learned too well ever to forget it, and as soon as the mournful days of reconstruction were over, we turned again to manufacturing and have ever since been growing in aptitude for industrial arts.

In the inventiveness necessitated by the war, the women took a most active part. Their resourcefulness seemed to grow as new demands were made on it. As soon as the supply of clothing in the stores began to fail, old spinning frames and looms were dragged from garrets and cellars. New looms were constructed. Hands all unused to that work began to ply bobbins and shuttles. Home spun cloth as durable as it was ugly was made in almost every home. Soldiers, women, children, and slaves were clad in this uniform of the farm. To relieve its unmitigated ugliness dyes of various hues were concocted from poke-berries, elder berries, and roots in home-made dyepots and boilers. The wool from old mattresses was often recarded and spun into yarns for socks to keep the soldiers from having cold feet in battle and in camp. A pair of cards was a treasure and the famous blockade runner, *Advance*, carried few more precious commodities in her hold. Factories to make cards were later created to supplement the supply made in blacksmith shops. Nor was spinning and weaving confined to coarse yarns. Old silken garments were painstakingly separated thread by thread and woven into gloves and stockings. In sections where it would grow flax was planted and some excellent linen woven. Carpets were unravelled and the woolen strands woven into blankets. New carpets were made from rags and scraps. In answer to a call for silk for war balloons, discarded silken dresses were dismembered and the silk furnished. Veteran garments mustered out of service years before were conscripted and made to enlist for indefinite service. These garments outlived their expectancy on the principle formulated by the old lady who explained that her soldier son's solitary pair of socks never wore out because "when the feet get full of holes I just knit new

feet to the tops, and when the tops wear out I just knit new tops to the feet." Slippers were made from rabbit and squirrel fur, and from old tent canvas. Hats were fabricated from palmetto leaves, from wheat and oat straw and from broad-leaved grasses. Corn husks bleached in water and colored to suit the complexion made bewitching bonnets. Wire grass plaited and adorned with white shavings from cow horns was another source of millinery effect. Buttons were made from gourds and pine whittled round and covered with cloth. Children's clothes were fastened with buttons of persimmon seeds. Necklaces constructed from berries served as ornaments for pretentious occasions.

In manufacturing household articles a similar ingenuity was shown. Ink, colored with indigo or berry juice, was made from oak and cedar balls. Envelopes were shaped by means of tin models and gummed with flour paste. Old scraps of wall paper folded in these envelopes served to carry a mother's blessing or a sweetheart's love to absent soldiers. When oil grew scarce, no little inventive genius was developed in devising lights for the home. Tallow candles served at first, but as bees disappeared, other forms of illumination became necessary. In some homes sycamore balls were soaked in fat and burned in pans. Strings twisted hard were thrust into bottles filled with grease, tar, or beeswax and spluttered out light enough to distinguish a spoon from a fork. Soap was made from ham bones already stripped to the point of emaciation by hungry teeth. Every home had its ash-hopper to leach lye. Cartridge belts and boxes were manufactured from layers of cloths sewed together and covered with varnish. Nitre for gunpowder was often dug by the women from old smoke-houses and tobacco barns.

Coffee disappeared from most homes before the close of the first year of war. Substitutes for this indispensable beverage were made from parched okra seed, from parched wheat, rye, and oats and from dried potatoes and cowpeas. Chicory and postum are lineal descendants of these delightful beverages. Tea was brewed from yaupon and from sassafras roots. Both tea and coffee were sweetened with sorghum molasses. A soup was devised from tallow, persimmons and sorghum. Mrs. F. C. Roberts writes proudly that she concocted a Christmas cake for her children out of dried cherries, dried whortleberries, candied watermelon rind and sorghum molasses. One lady avowed that she could make fifteen different dishes from dried apples. The forms in which cowpeas could be served were as numerous as the sands on the seashore.

A fourth characteristic of the Confederate woman was that she was a self-forged woman. There was no reservation in her willingness

to serve her war-torn country. This self-abnegation was revealed in many ways. Sometimes it took the form of personal service. Randolph Ridgeley lay severely wounded in a Virginia front yard. The surgeon said he could not be moved and that he would die if he did not sleep. A Winchester girl, an utter stranger to the nerve-wracked man, sat down on the ground and taking the young man's head in her lap soothed him to sleep. Then she sat immovable through the chilly damp of the night. Her nobility of nerve saved a soldier to fight for the cause dear to her heart. Hence in the weeks of illness that followed her exposure she rejoiced instead of repined. Poor blind Mrs. Roland of Richmond, consumed with a desire to contribute her part in spite of her affliction, groped from day to day to the hospitals and with guitar and songs quieted the restless sufferers. Sometimes it manifested itself in abstaining from such foods as could be used for soldiers' rations. Incident after incident is on record where for months women existed only on such perishable foods as could not be shipped to the army. To remonstrances that she was killing herself, one of these heroines replied, "I can do so little, let me do that little even if I die." Many a mound in quiet cemeteries testifies to the depth of their sacrifice. Sometimes it revealed itself in cheery letters to absent ones when the wolf of hunger was howling at doors within which idolized children cried for bread. Sometimes it disclosed itself in an ungrudging sharing of the cruse of oil. A few months before Lee's surrender tidings reached central North Carolina that his army was out of food. At once in homes both humble and stately a division was made even to the last peck of meal, and with no reckoning for tomorrow the contribution to the army was shipped. When a tax in kind was levied by the State, a tax that took a share in whatever remained in the storehouses and in the crib, the women in charge of the homes met the tax with little evasion.

Nor did this spirit of self-forgetfulness fail these women when hopes were shattered and the grievous hour of surrender ended cherished dreams. As the men in grey, tattered, footsore, dispirited, confounded, returned to their desolated homes, their wives greeted them with undimmed courage and sweet resolution. They aroused them by words and deeds to manly endeavor. Although after the surrender and after the negroes quit the fields, went "stalked like an armed man," these women found spirit to jest at poverty and in many towns "Starvation parties" and "Tacky sociables," "where each came hungry and each left empty," were given in honor of the returned soldiers. Many of these women were living in cabins near the ashes of once beautiful homes. Many, adjusting themselves to poverty, were learning the economy of

life anew and sustaining their families on less than had formerly been wasted. In some homes faithful negroes served on and expected only such wages as could be spared; in others mothers with their children were struggling alone for daily bread. But, as they had borne the anxieties and griefs of war undismayed, they were now ready with hope and firmness to start life again with their paroled husbands. How, under the inspiration of these Confederate women, homes once more became homes indeed, industries were revived, fields again returned their yields, order and system and law once more reigned, is a glorious part of our history. Nay more, in the face of grinding duties, these stirring women at once bethought them to preserve the memories of that momentous struggle. Hardly were their dead buried from their sight before they sought means to keep green their deeds. They started the custom of annually bedecking their graves with flowers and commemorating their valor in addresses and memorials. They denied themselves rest and comfort that public monuments might be reared. They struggled for homes and pensions for disabled soldiers. They established journals and magazines and their pens and their depleted purses have saved nearly all the recorded history of those days. Blot out what the women have done to preserve the history of the Confederacy and you have almost an untouched page.

Lastly the woman of the Confederacy was a womanly woman. She craved no queenhood except the sovereignty of her own home. She desired no subjects save those of her own household, and there she ruled with gentle if imperial graciousness. Accustomed to manage large households of children and of slaves, she early acquired dignity, earnestness, and the self-control which enables its possessor to control others. She never thought of doubting that her sphere of action was the home, and she centered her efforts on making that home a place of refinement and comfort. Her children were trained to rigid obedience, and early taught to despise cowardice, dishonesty, and an unsquare deal. Her first instruction in the citizenship of her sons was that an office was held for the State, a trust was sacred, and one's word as inviolable as a volume of oaths. "Strength and dignity were her clothing; she opened her mouth with wisdom, and the law of kindness was on her tongue. She looked well to the ways of her household, and she ate not the bread of idleness. Her children rose up and called her blessed; her husband also."



Augustus Lukeman, Sculptor.

BRONZE GROUP OF THE MONUMENT TO THE NORTH CAROLINA
WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Stanzas

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.

She calmly brought his sabre bright,
 Tempered with death;
And, girding him, her all, aright,
She spoke with eyes of kindling light
 More than tongue uttereth.

And then she waved farewell at last,
 With grief struck dumb,
As bannered squadrons hurried past,
And bugles with imperious blast
 Stammered delirium.

It was not hard to charge abreast
 On trembling slopes,—
Alone, at Honor's stern behest,
To cross the red, infernal crest
 That barred his people's hopes.

But man might quail to face her fate:
 Distraught by fears,
To wake from troubled dreams, and wait
The midnight courier at the gate,
 Through slow, ensanguined years;—

To welcome grief for which were vain
 All anodyne;
To dip into the cup of pain
Her final crust and, smiling, drain
 The draught as generous wine.

Would some Euripides could give,
 In words to bide,
This later tragical reprieve,
When our Alcestis dared to live
 While her Admetus died!

By Rappahannock's moaning wave
 Mayhap he fell;
At Shiloh, leading on the brave,—
Or in some rifle-pit, his grave,
 Where raked the random shell;—

Or, haply, where her presence bore
 That grim, gray line
At Gettysburg, all barriers o'er,
Like a ninth wave on an iron shore,
 Which ebbs by will divine.

Perchance his tomb in the old church-yard
Knew her caress;
It may be, where his form lay charred
On fire-swept wolds, the owl kept ward
In the dark Wilderness.

Still, though, recumbent in the hall
Of memory laid,
And limned upon its mournful wall,
He dwelt with her in spirit by all
The bolts of death unstayed;—

Dwelt in his sons, whose faith profound
Saw, throned afar,
The proud South, once in shackles bound,
Upon whose brow with glory crowned
Glittered the morning star.

The canvas can not hold her grace:
Its colors warm
The damps of centuries erase;
Yet o'er the scathing years her face
Will live beyond all harm.

Nor bronze nor stone shall bear her name
Through time to-be:
These may be touched by frost or flame
And sink in ruin, while her fame
Is for eternity.

Nor yet may story guard the trust,
Nor song divine;
They, like their builders, turn to dust:—
Beyond corrupting moth and rust
Stands, veiled with light, her shrine.

And Love will keep it, Love alone,
Safe from decay,—
Love wherewith God himself is one,—
When time's rule shall be overthrown,
And earth shall pass away.

Address of Presentation

JAMES A. LONG.

It is my most pleasant duty, as chairman of the Memorial Commission, and representing the family of the late Col. Ashley Horne, the donor, to present to the State of North Carolina, through you, its Governor, this magnificent monument.

I mourn today with his family and all the State that he is not here to witness this great occasion. This is a gift that came from the very heart of the giver, and was erected to commemorate the fortitude and heroism of the noble women of the South during the War between the States, when everything was sacrificed except honor, in the struggle which so unhappily divided the country, but now happily reunited by ties never again to be severed.

Colonel Horne loved the South; he loved most that type of life found in our Southern women, and this monument is to memorialize the bravest of the brave.

We are not ashamed of our part in this war. We shall never apologize for the part of our women in this struggle. We fought an honest fight; they endured a long siege; we both won the respect of a world-nation.

Life is too intricate even in peace, more so in war, to be revealed in a single volume; to be told by a single shaft. No monument can tell in full the heroism of our Southern women; no shaft can reveal their role in our four years' struggle, and while it cannot be told in full it can be remembered in part. It took Colonel Horne to appreciate this fact; it took his generous soul to make possible this memorial occasion; and this has been the patriotism of the late Ashley Horne; to do as well as to appreciate. He emerged from the war—yes, from the old South, with a faith that counted much in the building of the new.

And while we dedicate this monument to the very best in Southern history, let us not forget that type of southern heroes found in the life of Col. Ashley Horne. He always measured the full breadth of a man; a hero in times of war; a patriot in times of peace.

He has honored the South by honoring the best in the South; he has memorialized their virtues; let us remember his character. It takes the best in both sex to make a strong nation.

I now present this monument, Governor, to the State. It is now within your keeping. Let our State hold fast to the very best of our war history.

Address of Acceptance

GOVERNOR LOCKE CRAIG.

The State accepts this monument with grateful appreciation. It is the tribute of a knightly soldier to the Women of the Confederacy.

The statue is epic: Arms and the Man. Its theme is heroism and devotion; the inheritance of the children of the South. The bronze group represents the grandmother unrolling to the eager youth, grasping the sword of his father, the scroll of the father's deeds. The bronze etchings on the faces of the pedestal suggest the outlines of her story. To the earnest beholder the statue is illumined with unfolding meaning. His vision will determine its revelation.

As we look upon it, there rises out of the past a time when the spirit of war moved upon the depths of human thought, and summoned the elemental forces to titanic strife. We feel the throes of the mighty upheaval. The heavens are black with tempests, and ominous with the voices of ancient war and unutterable woe. We see "the marshaling in arms, and battle's magnificently stern array." Lovers say good bye with tokens of plighted troth; the young mother and the father in uniform, kneel together, weeping over the cradle of their new born babe; there are tears and everlasting farewells; the cavalcades are filing off; the tramp of innumerable armies is heard. In secret the mother—this Woman of the Confederacy—prays and weeps with breaking heart for the boy who marches away to the wild, grand music of the bugles.

We hear the din of martial hosts, and squadrons galloping in the storm. They rush to the onset amid the rattle of musketry and thunders of field artillery. They defy carnage and death; they are torn by bursting shells and pierced by bullets and cut with steel; they stagger and fall on the bloody ground; the resolute survivors close in and press on. In the crash of doom the gray line stands, despising hunger and pain and death. Before the numberless battalions they are Vikings in the hour of despair. They feel the pulsations of the unconquerable hearts that beat at home. At home alone, the wives and mothers, these Women of the Confederacy, in patience and suffering, are listening for the coming of those who will never return—will never return, but march on forever in the militant hosts of the heroic of all kindred and nations, that have redeemed and glorified the world.

We dedicate this monument as a symbol of our veneration. We dedicate this monument as a covenant that we too, in blessed remembrance of them, shall strive for fidelity and courage.

In unflinching obedience Abraham would have sacrificed Isaac. For this, "the Angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of Heaven and said, By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the seashore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

The Women of the Confederacy, in supreme consecration, did lay upon the altar of Dixie their first born, the fairest and the bravest of the world. And because they did this thing, we too are the children of the Covenant. The promise to Abraham was not alone for the seed of Abraham. It is the universal decree, divinely beautiful and divinely terrible. It is the law of development for all the children of men. Everlasting faith is a well of strength springing up into everlasting life.

Had the men and the women of the South been recreant, had they shrunk from the sacrifice of war, their children today would be the disinherited heirs of the promise, a dishonored and a degenerate people.

In the onward march of the race, these world conflicts must come. That people survives, gathers strength, becomes puissant in human destiny that has the faith and the courage for the supreme issue. The immediate result is not the final judgment. Who won at Thermopylae, the Persians or the Spartans? Who was victorious at the Alamo, Santa Anna or Travis? Who triumphed, Socrates or his judges, Jesus or Pontius Pilate?

The glory of France is the Old Guard at Waterloo. The noblest feelings of the English heart are stirred by the Light Brigade charging to death at Balaklava. Lexington and Guilford Court House are as dear to us as Trenton and Yorktown.

Disaster does not always destroy. The winds may blow; the rains may descend; houses and lands may be swept away; but God has placed His bow in the heavens as a promise that the storm shall cease, and the waters subside: the scorching drouth may wither the fields, untimely frost may kill our corn and fruit; yet in the procession of the seasons, the rain and sunshine will again clothe hill and mead in verdure, and harvest fields will wave in golden plenty. Armies may be destroyed, "Far called, our navies melt away"; yet from a land consecrated by the blood of the brave, from a soil enriched by glorious tradition, tried and purified by fire, a nobler, stronger race will spring. But over the waste of moral desolation, there comes no rejuvenating spring. Upon

a land blighted by the cowardice of those who should defend it, there is the judgment of decay and death.

The heroic past is our priceless inheritance. Our armies were destroyed; our land was smitten by war; our homes were ravaged by avenging armies. We were plundered by the hordes of reconstruction. But standing in this land that has suffered, amid this throng of gray-haired veterans, and their kindred and descendants, I declare that the legacy of the war is our richest possession. I utter the sentiments of every maimed soldier; of every soldier who gave the best of his young life to "the storm-cradled nation that fell," of every bereaved widow and mother; and if I could speak for the dead, I would utter the sentiment of the forty thousand sons of the State who fell upon fields of battle, when I declare that they would not revoke that sacrifice.

Some of you can remember when the young soldier was brought home dead, when the maiden was clothed in her first sorrow, and the old gray head was bowed in the last grief. The mothers of the South had sent their sons to the front as the Spartan mother when she delivered the shield to her son with the command: "Return with it, or upon it." They wept in silent desolation, but in their grief there was exaltation, for they knew that their sons had done a soldier's part, that in the tumult of historic days they had fought and fallen beneath the advancing flag; that in strange lands, wounded and neglected, they had suffered without complaint, and bequeathing a message for home, had died, as a conqueror, without a murmur.

"While one kissed a ringlet of thin gray hair,
And one kissed a lock of brown."

Hail to you, Women of the Confederacy, that bore them and nurtured them, and offered them for sacrifice! In you and in your descendants is vouchsafed the promise to Abraham: Henceforth all generations shall call you blessed.

From the shadow of war we sweep into the grander day. The earth is hallowed because it is the sepulcher of the brave; not men whose victories have been inscribed upon triumphal columns, but men whose memorial is, that in courage and loyalty to conviction, they were steadfast unto death; men who have been stoned and scourged, and quailed not before the mighty. "Their heroic sufferings rise up melodiously together to Heaven out of all lands, and out of all times, as a sacred *Miserere*; their heroic actions as a boundless everlasting Psalm of Triumph." They are the conquerors. The South has forever a part in that chorus of victory.

The Benediction

REV. R. H. MARSH.

O Lord, thou art the God of our Fathers and Mothers. As such we look up to Thee in grateful remembrance of Thy parental presence and protection.

Standing around these monumental stones, erected to the memory of precious mothers and sisters and daughters, we would bless Thy name for all they mean and teach. They rise above earth as a reminder of woman's heavenly, uplifting and ennobling power; they recall the beauty, symmetry and singleness of purpose of Southern womanhood; and mark the purity and strength of her unfailing patriotism and inspiring courage. We behold also in this magnificent shaft—its making and polish—the wearing and self-consumption of woman's loving way of blessing and devotion. By her suffering and enabling, man's noblest achievements are effected. We thank God for her patriotic contribution to Liberty and Union—a contribution not measured by wounds and money, but by a Mother's love for her Home and her Child.

To the God of our Mothers we pray for super-abounding peace and plenty upon our land and country, and especially upon the fast diminishing remnant of faithful ones—of noble women and scar-clad veterans, North and South. “Abide with them; for it is toward evening and the day is far spent.”

And may Heaven's choicest benediction rest upon them, their children and their country, 'till earthly monuments and memory shall fade away forever. Amen.



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